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Corvallis Gazette.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1881.

Rupture

DAYTON, W. T., Feb. 10, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic Trus Co., 702 Market street, San Francisco Sir: The Truss I purchased of you about one year age has proved a miracle to me. I have been ruptured forty years, and worn dozens of different kindstof Trusses, all of which have ruined my health, as they were injurious to my back and spine. Your valuable Truss is as easy as an old shoe and is worth hundreds of dollars to me, as it affords me so much pleasure. I can and do advise all, both ladies and gentlemen, afflicted, to buy and wear your modern improved Elastic Truss immediately. I never expect to be cured, but am estimated and happy with the comfert it gives me to wear it. It was the best \$10 I ever invested in my life. You can refer any one to me and I will be glad to answer any letters on its merits.

I remain, yours respectfully,

D. B. BUNNELL.

Latest Medical Endorsements. Marring, Cal., Feb. 17, 1879.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Hastic Trues Co., 702 Market street, S. F.—Sir: In regard to your California Elastic Trues, I would say that I have carefully studied its mechanism, applied it in practice and do not hesitate to say that for all purposes for which Trueses are wern it is the best Trues ever offered to the public.

Yours truly, J. H. CAROTHERS, M. D.

Sudoreed by a Prominent Medical Insti-

SAN FRANCISCO, March 6, 1879.

W. J. Morne, Esp.—Sir: You sak my opinion of the relative merits of your Patent Elastic Truss as compared with other kinds that have been ested under my observaion, and in reply I frankly state that from the time my attention was first called to their simple, though highly me chanical and philosophical construction, together with easy adjustibility to persons of all sises, ages and forms. I add this testimony with special pleasure, that the several persons who have applied to me for aid in their especial cases of rupture, and whom I have advised to use yours, all acknowledge their entire satisfaction, and consider themselves highly favored by the possession of one of the improved Elastic Truss.

Yours truly, BARIOW J. SMITH, M. D. Proprieter Hygenic Medical Institute,

635 California street, San Francisco

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A REMARKABLE CURE.

W. J. Horne, Proprietor California Elastic
Truss, 702 Market street, San Francisco — Sir: I
am truly grateful lo you for the wenderful CURE
your valuable truss has effected on my little boy.
The double truss I purchased from you has PERFECTLY CURED him of his painful rupture on
both sides in a little over six months. The steel
truss he had before I bought yours caused him
eruel torture, and it was a happy day for us all
when he laid it aside far the California Elasric Tauss. I am sure that all will be thankful
who are providentially led to give your truss a

This is to certify that I have examined the so of Wm. Peru, and find him PERFECTLY
CURED of hernia on both sides.

L. DEXTER LYFORD, M. D.,
Surgeon and Physician.

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Although about 150,000 of these safes are now in use, and hundreds have been tested by some of the most disastrous configurations in the country, there is not a single instance on record wherein one of them ever failed to preserve its contents perfectly.

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THEY ARE THE BEST SAFE Made in America or any other country. One Thousand Dollars

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HIGH WATER MARK.

BY BRET HARTE.

When the tide was out on the Dedlow Marsh its extending dreariness was made palpable. Its spongy, low-lying surface. sluggish, inky pools, and tortuous alonghs twisting their slimy way, cellike, toward the open bay, were all hard facts. Se were the few green trussocks with their scant blades, their amphibious flavor, and unpleasant dampness. And if you choose to indulge your fancy—although the flat monotony of the Dedlow Marsh was not inspiring-the wavy line of scattered drift gave an unpleas-ant consciousness of the spent waters, and made the dead certainity of the re-turning tide a gloomy reflection which no present sunshine could dissipate. In the bitter fruit of the low cranberry the bitter fruit of the low cranberry bushes your fancy might detect a natur-ally sweet disposition curled and soured by an injudicious course of too much regular cold water.

Again, the vocal expression of Dead-low Marsh was sorrowful and depressing. The sepulchral boom of the bittern, the shrick of the curlew, the scream of passing brent, the wrangling of quarrelsome teal, the sharp, querilous protest of the startled crame, and syllabled com-plaint of the "killdeer" plover were be-yond the power of written expression. Nor was the aspect of these mournful fowls at all cheerful and inspiriting. Certainly not the blue heron standing midleg deep in the water, obviously eatening cold in its gloomy disregard of wet feet and consequences; nor the mournful curlew, the dejected plover and the low-spirited snipe who saw fit to join him in his suicidal contemplation. On the centrary, it was evident at a glance that the dreary expression of Deadlow Marsh told fearfully on the ornothological sense, and that the season of migration was looked forward to with a feeling of relief and satisfaction by the full-grown, and extravagant anticipation

by the callow breed.

But if Dedlow Marsh was cheerless at the slack of the tide, you should have seen it when the tide was strong and full. When the damp air blew chilly over the cold, glittering expanse, and came to the the faces of those who looked seaward like another tide. When a steel-like glint marked the low hollows and the in that feg. paddling about in a hopeless and net the tide! ing of mermen's fingers on the boat's keel, or shrank from the tufts of grass of a corpse-and knew by these signs hat they were lost on Dedlow Marsh,

and must make a night of it and a gloomy one at that—then you might know some-thing of Dedlow Marsh at high water sident connected with this gloomy picmy long gunning excursions upon Ded-low Marsh, and perhaps cast a sensitive

She lived midway of the great slough of Dedlow Marsh and a good-sized river, which debeuched four miles beyond into an estuary formed by the Pacific Ocean, on the leng, sandy peninsula which conan estuary formed by the Pacific Ocean, on the leng, sandy peninsula which constituted the southwestern boundary of moment the great red wood tree swung noble bay. The house in which she lived noble bay. The house in which she lived cargo into the black night.

tide, with a raft of logs for the usual

accepted to keep her mind from dwelling on the weather, except, of course, to hope that he was safely harbored with the logs, at Utopia in the dreary distance. But she noticed, that day, when she went out to feed the chickens and look after the cow, that the tide was up to the feace of their garden patch, and the roar of the surf on the south beach, though mailes away, she could hear distinctly, and she began to think that she would like te have some one to talk to about safets, and she half-

the words all ran together and made such sad nonsense that she was forced at last to put the book down and turn to that dearer volume which lay before her in the cradle, with its white initial leaf as yet unsoiled, and try to look forward to its mysterious future. to its mysterious future. And rocking the cradle she thought of everything and everybody, but still she was wide awake

NO. 12.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when she at last lay down in her clothes. How long she slept she could not remember, but she awoke with a dreadful choking in her throat and found herself standing trembling all over, in the middle of the room with her baby clasped to her breast, and she was saying "something." The baby cried and sobbed, and sobbed and cried, and she walked up and down trying to hush it, when she heard a scratching at the door. She opened it fearfully, and was glad to see it was enly old Pete, their dog, who crawled dripping with water into the room. She would like to have looked out—not in the faint hope of her husband's coming trembling all over, in the middle of the the faint hope of her husband's coming, but to see how things looked, but the wind shook the door so savagely that she could hardly held it. Then she sat down a little while, and then she lay

down again a little while. twice, something scrape slowly against the clapboards like the scraping of branches. Then there was a little gurgling sound like the baby made. Lying close by the wall of the little cabin she thought she heard once or was attracted by something else that seemed creeping from the back door towards the center of the room. It wasn't much wider than her little finger, but soon it swelled to the width of her hand, and began spreading all over the floor. It was water.

She ran to the front door and threw it wide open and saw nothing but water. She ran to the back door and saw nothing but water. She ran to the side-window and saw nothing but water. Then she remembered hearing her husband once say that there was no danger from the tide, for that fell regularly, and peo-ple could calculate on it, and that he would rather live near the bay than the river whose banks might overflow at any like another tide. When a steel-like glint marked the low hollows and the sinuous line of slough. When the fog came in with the tide and shut out the blue above, even as the green below had been obliterated. When boatmen lost in that for naddling about in a honology.

She drew the bedstead toward the mid-dle of the room and placed a table upon it, and on that side she put the candle. spreading around like the floating hair The water on the floor was already over her ankles, and the house once or twice moved so perceptibly, and seemed to be racked so that the closed doors all flew open. Then she heard the same strange rasp Conspicuous in my memory is an inci-thumping against the wall, and looking ident connected with this gloomy pic-out saw that a large uprooted tree, which ture which never failed to recur to me in had lain near the road at the upper end my long gunning excursions upon Ded-low Marsh, and perhaps cast a sensitive shadow over its gaunt outlines. Although in the soil and kept it from moving as shadow over its gaunt outlines. Although the event was briefly recorded in the county paper, I had the story in all its eloquent detail, from the lips of one of the principal actors, and hardly need say that the published record was, to the spoken recital, as the heading of a chapter is te the spoken events which follow. I cannot hope to convey that intensity of expression which occurs in the narration of real adventure by the participator himself—which is as much in the look and gesture as in the spoken work—still less can I hope to catch the varying emphasis and peculiar coloring of feminine delineation, for my narrator was a woman. But I'll try to give at least its substance.

She lived midway of the great slough

was a small frame cabin raised from the marsh a few feet by stout piles, and was three miles distant from the settlements upon the river. Her husband was a logger—a positable business in a country where the principal resource was the manufacture of lumber.

It was the season of early spring when her husband left on the ebb of a high tide with a reft of local for the manufacture. It was the season of early spring when her husband left on the ebb of a high was to think of it at that time, that she was to think of it at that time, that she her husband left on the ebb of a high tide, with a raft of logs for the usual transportation to the lower end of the bay. As she stood by the door of the little cabin when the voyagers departed, she noticed a cold look upon the Southeastern aky, and she remembered hearing her husband say to his companions that they must endeavor to complete their voyage before the coming of the Southwesterly gale which he saw brewing. And that night it began to storm and blow, harder than she had ever before experienced, and some great trees fell in the forest by the river, and the house rocked like her baby's cradle.

But however the storm might roar about the little cabin, she knew that one she trusted in, had driven bolt and bar with his own strong hand, and had he heated silly and wild, and at last she left her. This, and her domestic cares, wished she had put on another dress and

after the cow, that the tide was up to the feace of their garden patch, and the roar of the surf on the south beach, though alles away, she could hear distinctly. And she began to think that she would like to have some one to talk to about matters, and she believed that if it had not heen so far, and so stormy, and the trail impassable, she would have taken the baby and have gone to Ryckman's, her nearest neighbor. But then, you see, he might have returned in the storm, all wet, with no one to see to him, and it was a long exposure for haby, who was cropy and alling.

But that night, she never could tell why, but she didn't feel like sleeping or even lying down. The storm had somewhat abated but she still "sat and sat," and even tried to read. I don't know whether it was a Bible or some old profase magazine that this poor woman read, but most probably the latter, for

The Corvallis Jazette

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that she put her head under her shawl and for the first time cried bitterly. When she raised her head again the boom of the surf was behind her, and she knew that her ark had again swung around. She dipped up the water to cool her parched throat, and found that it was salt as her tears. There was a relief though, for by this sign she was drifting with the tide.

It was then the wind went down, and

the great and awful silence oppressed her. There was scarcely a ripple against the furrowed sides of the great trunk on which she rested and around her all was black glosm and quiet. She spoke to the baby just to hear herself speak, and to knew that she had not lost her voice. She thought then—it was queer, but she could not help thinking it—how awful must have been the night when the great ship swung over the Asiatic peak, and the seunds of Creation were blotted out from the world. She thought, too, of mariners clinging to spars, and of poor women who were lashed to rafts and beaten to death by the cruel sea. She tried to thank God that she was thus spared, and lifted her eyes from the baby, who had fallen into a fitful sleep. Suddenly, away to the southward, a great light flashed and flickered, and flickered and flickered and flickered the baby's cold flickered on the southward that the same statement of the same stateme ling sound like the baby made when it was swallowing; then something went "click-click" and "eluck-cluck," so that she sat up in bed. When she did so she tree was aground, and by the position of the light and the noise of the surf-

the light and the noise of the surf—
aground upon the Dedlow Marsh.

Had it not been for her baby, who was
ailing and crupy, had it not been for the
sudden drying up of that sensitive fountain, she would have felt safe and relieved. Perhaps it was this which tended
to make all her impressions mournful
and gloemy. As the tide rapidly fell a
great flock of black brent fluttered by
her screaming and crying. Then the
plover flew up and piped mournfully, as
they wheeled around the trunk and at
last fearlessly lit upon it like a grey
cloud. Then the heron flew over and
around her, shrieking and protesting,
and at last dropped its gaunt legs only a
few yards from her. But strangest of all,
a pretty white bird, larger than a dove a pretty white bird, larger than a dove— like a pellican, but not a pellican—cir-eled around and around her. At last it lit upon a rootlet of the tree, quite over her shoulder. She put out her hand stroked its beautiful white neck, and it never appeared to move. It staid there so long that she thought she would lift up the baby to see it, and try to attract her attention. But when she did so the child was so chilled and cold; had such a blue look under its little lashes which it didn't raise at all, that she screamed aloud, and the bird flew away, and she

Well, that was the worst of it, and perhaps it was not so much after all to any but herself. For when she recovered her senses it was bright sunlight, and dead low water. There was a confused noise of guttrel voices about her, and an old squaw was singing an Indian "husbady," and rocking her from side to side before a fire built on the marsh, befor which, she, the recovered wife and mother, lay weak and weary. Her first thought was for her baby, and she was shought was for her baby, and she was about to speak, when a young squaw who must have been a mother herself, fathomed her thought and brought her the "mowich," pale but living, in such a queer little willow cradle all bound up, just like the squaw's own young one, that she langhed and cried together and the laughed and cried tegether, and the young squaw and the old squaw showed their big white teeth and glinted their black eyes and said, "plenty get well, skeens nowitch, wagee man come plenty soon," that she could have kissed their brown faces in her joy. And then she found that they had been gathering berries on the marsh in their queer conical baskets, and saw the skirt of her gown fluttering on the tree from afar, and the old squaw couldn't resist the temptation eld squaw couldn't resist the temptation of procuring a new garment and came down and discovered the "wagee" woman and child. And of course she gave that garment to the old squaw as you may imagine, and when he came at last, and rushed up to her, looking ten years older in his anxiety—she felt so faint again that they had to carry her to the cance. For you see he knew nothing cance. For you see he knew nothing about the flood until he met the Indians

M. S. WOODCOCK,

Corvallis Fodge No. 14, F. & A. M. Holds stated Communications on Wednesday on or preceeding each full moon. Brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend. By order. W. M.

Barnum Ledge So. 7, I. O. O. F. Meets on Tuesday evening of each week, in their hall, in Fisher's brick, second story. Members of the order in good standing invited to attend. By order of N. G.

VOL. XVIII.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. A CHENOWETH. F. M. JOHNSON CHENOWETH & JOHNSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW CORVALLIS, OREGON.

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and

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Have a complete stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OIL,

GLASS, ETC., ETC. School Pooks stationeny, &c.

We buy for Cash, and have enoice of the PRESHEST and PUREST Drugs and Medic nesthe market affords. Prescriptions accurately prepared at half the usual rates. 2May 16:18:1

AUGUST KNIGHT.



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J W RAYBURN. ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Special attention given to the Coll of Notes and Accounts. 16-1 J.MES A. YANTIS.

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A good Tinner constantly on hand, and all Job Work neatly and quickly done. Also agents for Knapp, Burrell & Co., for the sale of the best and latest im-FARM MACHINERY.

of all kinds, together with a full assort ment of Agricultural Implements. Sole Agents for the celebrated ST. L'UIS CHARTER OAK S'OVER the BEST IN THE WORLD. Also the Norman Range, and many other patterns, in all sizes and styles.

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No pains will be spared to furnish our customers with the best goods in market, in our line, and at the lowest prices. Our motto shall be, prompt and fair dealing with all. Call and examine our stock, before going elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed. WOOKCOCK & BALDWIN, Corvallis, May, 12, 1879. 1444f

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Corvallis, Jan. 3, 1878.

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SOL. KING. - Porpr.

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EMMETT F. WREEK. REES HAMLIN.

Hamlin & Wrenn, Propr's.

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PROVISIONS. , -AND-

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Which we will make up to order in the most approved and tash onable styles. No pains will be s, ared u producing good fitting garments.

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DRAKE & GRANT.

Corvallis, April 17 1879.

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DRAYAGE ! DRAYAGE

either in the city or country, at the lowest living rates. Can be found at the old truck stand. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

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By one of the greatest improvements known, the Gross Automatic Movement, our locks are operated without any arbor or spindle passing through the door and into the lock.

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To any person who can prove that one of Hall's Patent Burgiar-Proof Safes has ever been broken open and robbed by burgiars up to the